

## [Moses Stepney]

I-A-I-a S260 Dup.

### FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER Albert Burks ADDRESS 239 So 20th

DATE Jan. 13, 1939 SUBJECT American Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Moses Stepney 1970 T St.
2. Date and time of interview Jan 12, 1939, 10:35 a.m.-1:40 p.m.
3. Place of interview Residence
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant None.
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you None
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc. Rather shabby bungalow. Parlor comfortably but plainly furnished. [??]

### FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER Albert Burks ADDRESS 239 So 20th

DATE Jan. 12, 1939 SUBJECT American Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Moses Stepney [1970 t St.??]

1. Ancestry Negro

## Library of Congress

2. Place and date of birth Saline Co. Virginia, 1868
3. Family Four
4. Places lived in St. Joseph 1877-1883; White Cloud Kansas, 1883-1891; Lincoln 1891-1939
5. Education, with dates None
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates Stonemason and brick layer, cattle buyer
7. Special Skills and interests Fishing
8. Community and religious activities Methodist
9. Description of informant Short, well knit ind; very pronounced negroid features.
10. Other points gained in interview

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER Albert Burks ADDRESS 239 So 20th

DATE Jan 12, 1939 SUBJECT American Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Moses Stepney 1970 T St.

"I was born a year after the Declaration of Independence, so I don't anything about slavery except what my father or mother told me. One of my uncles got killed at Harpers Ferry Va. by the [Padarehs?]. They was an organization some-thing like the bush whackers and the Klu-Klux-Klan. During those days if they caught a colored man out after dark they would whip him. My uncle was supposed to resisted when they caught him, [?] they killed him.

## Library of Congress

My father brought us to St. Joe when I was just a kin. He drove through in a camp wagon drawn by a team of horses. The weather was kind of bad so we were about fifteen days on the read. At first dad hauled wood to St. Joe from the forests around there and sold it. Later he noticed that the river bottoms was just the place to raise [broom?] straw and hemp, so getting it ready for the market was one of the first jobs that I had. He used to raise the hemp on the river bottoms and when it was ripe we would have to cut it andshock it up just like you do corn. After it would dry and rot, we would use a device like these old tobacco cutters, to cut it in the right sizes. Then we would shake it to get the fiber loose.